IRONTON, - - - MISSOURL

OLD KAINTUCKY STORIES. Some Humorous Bits of Bright Word

Painting. "When I give out that I would preach at the head o' Trace fork," said Rev. Lemuel Penrod the other day, "my friends all upan' tole me I'd never git a congregashun. They sed thar wuz never a rope of savin' grace made stout enough to drag them 'ar natives to the fear uv the spirit.

"But I knowed better. Although you may think I wuz city born, an' have wore out the backs uv many coats against college walls, hits all er misteake. I wuz born and fotched up in the mountains. I know ye don't believe hit. Hit looks unreasonable, but, suh, I'm er self-made man. I edercated myse'f. I hain't got nobody but the Lord an' myself ter thank fur the work I hev done, suh.

"This is goin' er little out in the brush from the road I started on, but what I want ter'splain iz thet I knowed the people. I wuz born among 'em, an' I know 'em through an' through.

"What did I do ter git the crowd? That's what I'm swingin' er round to. Wall, suh, I got me a spring wagin' an' set six four-gallon jugs in the back part uv it. Every house I'd pass on the way ter preachin' grounds I'd lift up a jug an' pretend ter be drinkin'. Then I'd set down the jug, lift up mer voice an' shout: 'Come all ye thet famish an' thrist fer the blessed spirit ter the head o' Injun, and ye shall be filled!" The whole family, an' all their visitors, wud take arter my wagin. I kep' repeatin' this dose in front uv every house, an' when I got ter the place fer preachin' I had the biggest gatherin' thet ever hed been seen in thet neck of the woods. A revival begun at once. Forty souls war brought ter Christ, an' only one man killed durin' that blessed

week!" I was stopping for the night on Christy creek, in Carter county. The "ole man an' woman, six "gals," four "boys" (all grown), three hands and myself facture, officers' quarters, barracks for made a semi-circle about a great, cav- the enlisted men, storehouses, stables, ernous fireplace filled with roaring

hickory and beech logs. One great, strapping young giant sat with his left shoulder against one jamb rack, while his sister Moll braced her right against the other. They faced each other, and I saw them frequently exchange smiling glances which they well understood. They were holding a wordless conversation, and I expect it related to my very self-important

Finally the young man drew in his outstretched legs, making his big boot heels scrape harshly on the earth and was garrisoned by four troops of cav- said. "Will you permit me to look at puncheon floor as he did so. He stretched out his long arms, like wings, yawned and rose up. He then crooked a long, dark-complexioned index finger toward me and said:

stranger." I went out with him. Little shivers played hide and seek up and down my spinal column as I stood, in frightened perplexity, below this tower of muscle and brawn. What could he want? My blood? Or a drink from a flask I had in my pocket? He kept me in suspense several minutes-many minutes to me then. Then he drew in a deep inspiration and said: "Stranger, don't ye want ter marry

my sister Moll?" 'Why-I-er don't understand. What

do you mean?" "Wal, hit's jist this er way: Moll's bound ter marry, that's all ther iz erbout it. She's the best field hand on the place, but she swars she won't never strike another lick har. So we's all workin' ter git her satisfied. I thought Sim Stadey wuz goin' ter take her, but he went to log-rollin', soon man ther liften at er hanspike. That looks an' two cows.

"Then Ben Taylor an' her made er hitch when his uncle died an' left him two good houses. That started all the gals in the county arter him. Beck feather beds in the county, took er notion to him. Moll wuz left out in the snow again. This kind er thing keeps happenin' with her time an' time agin. She talked uv hangin' herself, but I tole her ter hold up er while longer, that if she couldn't git a man right big, stout, an' devilish-like Tom Stacy or Bill Latimer-that some little warty, bowlegged cuss, better than nuthin', would come er long some time an' pluck her off. An' now, stranger, if you want a wife that can raise more corn than any man you can scare up, just clinch yerself ter Moll. I know she'll take ye. I cud see it in her eye; besides, you've got a durned good lookin' hoss."-Joseph Noel Johnson, in Cincinnati Tribune.

A Street-Car Tragedy. They had mutual friends, and that fact emboldened him to speak without the ceremony of an introduction. "Sloppy, isn't it?" he remarked, per

suasively. "Rather," she replied. A freezing silence followed, but he had no intention of letting the oppor-

tunity slip. "You wear a vewy long hatpin, do you know?" he said. "Weally, the end reaches out quite far."

"Yes; it's quite a protection." "But it's all rusty."

"That isn't rust." "No? How vewy queer!" "It is the blood of chappies who have

spoken to me in the street car without an introduction." "That fellow must have forgotten something," said the conductor, as the chappie bounced from the car without tains. asking him to stop."-Detroit Free

whole of the arctic regions is the red knew how her father idolized her and Thus she mused until she reached snowbanks discovered near Cape York, held her as a precious jewel set in his her home. Throwing the rein to the Greenland, by Capt. John Ross in the year 1818. For miles and miles the hills are covered with snow that is as red as though it had been saturated Its parent setting and transfer it to an- had fallen in his easy chair by a feathwith blood. Lieut. Greeley, who visited that region while on his famous cial favorite among the young men of arctic expedition, microscopically extended the post. The same sweet smile which ride?" he asked, drawing her to a seat stone. This is to enable it the more arctic expedition, microscopically examined blood-stained cliffs and reports the color due to a minute organism which he calls protococcus nivalia.



CHAPTER L INTRODUCTION.

ORT CRAIG, in the territory of New Mexico. stands upon a high mesa, or piece of table land, overlooking the historic valley of the Rio Grande. The view from the fort is wildly picturesque. The long stretch of river. grass-carpeted valley dotted with groves of

trees, the low the Mexican rancheros, the great black bowlders and monuments of lava rock across the stream, set in beds of mesquite bushes and cactus, far away to the eastward the bold towering peaks of the San Andreas and Oscura ranges, to the southward the Fra Cristobel and to the westward the Magdalena and the San Mateo ranges of mountains, all contribute to a picture so fascinating in its rugged grandeur and beauty that it would seem as mockery for the most gifted artist to presume to transfer its letails to canvas

All of the buildings of this remote border garrison were built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks of Mexican manuetc., being but one story in height. Around the post ran a line of earthworks thrown up during the civil war when Indian and confederate foe alike coveted its possession. The buildings formed a hollow square around a level parade ground some twenty acres in extent, and in the center during the occupancy of the fort stood a tall flagstaff from the top of which, every day in the year from sunrise to sunset gun. the stars and stripes floated proudly in

the semi-tropical breezes. At the time of which I write the fort alry, two companies of infantry and a the sketch you are making?" battery of light artillery. The com-



manding officer, Col. Elmore Sanford. was a dignified, gruff old veteran who had grown gray in the service of his after they wuz ingaged, an' beat ever | country, a strict disciplinarian who exacted with unflinching severity the got his name up, an'ever' girl in the performance of every duty from ofcounty was arter him. That give him ficers and men alike with promptness the big head, an' he dropped Moll out and precision. Every infraction of milan' married Sal Bodkins fer her good | itary rules met with swift punishment, whether the offender wore the goldlaced uniform of the officer or the plain contract. They wuz jist er bout ter garb of the private soldier. He possessed a volcanic temper, at times, when angered, storming and swearing like a madman, then as quickly subsid-Latimer, who had jist raised the best | ing into his usual state of icy dignity. four acres of terbacker to be found on Those most familiar with his moods the crick, an' had two of the biggest | met these fitful outbursts of passion | ing in the ranks of the army? The with no thought of resentment, for they knew the old man never meant the half he said, and that beneath his forbidding exterior rested a soul that was really warm and generous.

The light of the old commander's military home was his daughter Alice. his only child, who came as a ray of sunshine into his life but a week before the death of his beloved wife. At the time our story opens Alice was a lovely, sunny-faced little fairy of eighteen, full of life and spirit, as beautiful in her blonde loveliness as the lily bursting from its bud. She was devotedly attached to her stern old father, who, in her society, laid aside his air of military dignity and allowed the reflection of his really kind heart to play in genial smiles over his soldierly face. He idolized the lovely girl, the last priceless gift from his dying wife, and to contribute to her happiness and enjoyment seemed to be the one leading aim of his life. The best instructors which money could secure had been brought from the far-away east to look after her instruction, and when she reached her eighteenth year her education in all necessary branches was complete, and she possessed as fine accomplishments as she could have secured in any academy in the land. Born in a border military fort and reared in the garrisons of the far west, she became imbued with the spirit of adventure incident to frontier life, and was never so happy as when dashing over the cactus studded plain or wooded river bot- the heart. Yes, that must be the cortom on her strong-limbed pony or ex- rect solution of the queer problem. ploring the gulches and canyons cleft Some cruel fair one in the far-away in the breasts of the adjacent moun- east, of which I have read but never

The picture of this young border | fled to the army ranks hoping to meet prinssss was indelibly stamped upon death at the hands of an Indian foe- are enlightened as to their personal the hearts of several of the younger man. How could a girl be so cruel to appearance, traits of character and so--One of the most conspicuous land officers of the garrison, yet none of so handsome a man, and one so intellihem were suitors for her hand. They gent and refined?" crown of life for him alone, and each orderly in waiting she softly entered one felt that it would be almost sacri- her father's sitting-room and awoke legs to attempt to pluck the gem from him from the half sleep into which he other. She had, seemingly, no espe- ery kiss on the cheek. would set the heart of a young officer on his knee and more forcibly return- easily to drag its enemy under water. throbbing with delight would illumine ing her kiss.

or while thanking the humblest private who had done her a favor. She treated all alike, and came to be looked upon as a treasure which all might admire but none need ever hope to possess-a devoted child whose father so filled every nook of her pure heart that there was no room there for another. One lovely morning in the month of September. 1866, while returning from a gallop down the valley of the Rio Grande, Miss Sanford rode up a gulch onto the mesa about a mile below the fort. As she came out upon the higher ground she observed a young soldier sitting upon a rock near the trail busily engaged in sketching. She was herself a clever artist and passionately fond of drawing from nature, and her interest in the soldier was at once aroused. He had not noticed her approach, so deeply interested was he in his work, and she reined in her pony a few yards distant from where he sat to study him. There was a pleased expression on her face when she noted that he was a handsome young man with a frank, honest face, neat and tidy in dress, and wearing an air of intellectual refinement which seemed sadly out of place in one whose lot was cast among the rough soldiers of the ranks. It must be remembered that I write of the days just following the close of our great civil war, when the ranks of the regular army on the frontier were made up of rough, illiterate men largely fished from the slums of the eastern cities, many of them having fled to the west and buried themselves in the army under assumed names to escape the consequences of erime. Alice Sanford had never dreamed the barracks of the private soldiers sheltered a man of artistic tastes, and

wielding the pencil of the artist was to her a revelation. The soldier becoming aware of her presence glanced up from his work, and, noting that it was the daughter of the commanding officer who had approached him, quickly arose to his feet, removed his cap and silently waited for her to address him should she desire to do so.

the spectacle presented of a soldier

"I am sorry I disturbed you," she

"It is as yet far from complete," he quietly responded, "and I fear you may not be able to form an intelligent idea of what its appearance will be when the details are filled in. I began it but an hour ago."

He handed her the picture, and she sat for some moments closely studying it, occasionally easting her eyes across the intervening desert to the Fra Cristobel range.

"You have chosen a beautiful study," she finally said. "In my eyes the Fra Cristobel is the most attractive of all the ranges which surround us." "I experience great pleasure in

sketching it," he replied. "This will be my third sketch of the range, and I seem to never tire of tracing its bold outlines and copying its rugged details of rock and pine."

Returning the picture, with a simple "thank you," she rode homeward. She allowed her pony to walk slowly along the trail and did not even chide him for stopping occasionally to advised him that Mr. Alfred Talbott snatch a mouthful of grass as he loitered along, so busy were her thoughts with the humble private soldier whom she lieutenant and assigned to B troop, had just left. She had seen in the yet crude sketch the work of a master hand, and she wondered why it was under orders to report to Col. Sanford that one so gifted should be wearing the uniform and performing the duties of a soldier. His manner was that of the polished gentleman, his speech refined and pleasing, and his general de- of these remote garrisons may best be meaner was widely different from that of any of the other soldiers with whom she had been brought in contact. What | close relationship by isolation from the could a man of his attainments be doquestion flashed through her brain, but no reply followed in its wake. A frown and the frequent social parties which swept over her face, but as quickly

vanished at a rebuking thought. "O, no, not crime," she mused. "Those clear eyes of his mirrored a clear soul. He must not be classed enlistment to escape the searching eye of justice. There is a romance strewn along his trail of life. There



seen, has crushed his happiness and he

her pretty features while bending over the cot of a sick soldier in the hospital, down to the Tafoya ranch six miles be mitted by mail from India to London.

low, and on my way back I round such

"You are eternally picking up curios. What was it this time? A moss agate, a new species of cactus, a rare flower that you never happened to come onto before, or a magnificently large horned

"O, no, papa, none of those. I could never place this one with my collection. It is not of the geological, floral nor reptile species, papa; but a living, mov-

ing, breathing-human being." "A Mexican freak, eh? And what was it like?"

"No, nor was it a Mexican. You are a horribly poor guesser, papa. It was a soldier, a private soldier of the post. I came upon him while he was sketching the Fra Cristobel range, and when I asked if I might look at his sketch I really expected to see nothing but awkward, ill-shaped work. You can imagine my surprise when I observed that he was an artist of no ordinary skill. Oh! there must be such a romance connected with his life. Have you ever discovered men of refined tastes in the ranks, papa, driven there by romantic causes?"

"Yes, the romance of crime. The service and an assumed name have served as a barrier between many a criminal and the outraged laws. Who is this fellow?"

"O, I am sure this man is not a criminal, papa. You would share that belief with me were you to see him. I spoke but a few words with him, and did not ask his name. He wore the cavalry uniform."

"Well, Sunshine, it is not at all improbable that if his past history were laid before you, you would find it a dark one. You must not allow your romantic little brain to picture him a prince in disguise. Come, dinner is waiting, and I am as hungry as a trooper after a hard day's scout. Attention, squad! Right face! Forward, march!" Gayly trilling the air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" she led the way with military step to the dining-room, the old colonel marching after her with the precision of other days.

CHAPTER II. The soldier artist resumed his seat as Alice rode away, and sat and watched her until a bend in the trail hid her from his eyes. He had often seen the young girl at a distance and had admired her graceful figure and light, springy step, but had never before had an opportunity to closely observe her face. As she sat on her pony bowed over his sketch he had studied her features, and he thought he had never seen so beautiful a girl. Her sunny



disposition flashed softly from her laughing blue eyes, and the lingering echoes of her low, sweet voice resounded in his ears in pleasing melody long after she had gone.

There was a marked stir in the social circles of the garrison when an official communication from the war department to the commanding officer Vandever, a recent graduate from West Point, had been commissioned a second Sixth cavalry, then stationed at Fort Craig. Lieut. Vandever was coming for duty.

At a border military post the officers and their families live in a little world of their own. The social circle at one described as a military family, the members of which are drawn into great busy world to the eastward. Within the limits of this circle the strongest ties of friendship are formed, serve as oases to break the monotony in the desert of garrison life seem more as family gatherings than fashionable affairs. A brotherly and sisterly feeling exists among the officers and ladies with those who lurk in the shadow of | whose lot is east so far away from the borders of civilization, and when by that immovable decree, a military order, an officer is transferred to a distant post the departure of himself and family, if he be married, creates a break in the family circle which is as sincerely mourned as would be the departure for a far distant point of a member of a home circle in private life. The remaining members of a military family suffer a sense of bereavement which can scarcely be conceived by those not familiar with garrison life, and the departure of a member is as sincerely mourned as if bound to those to whom he bids an indefinite farewell by ties of blood. A prospective addition to the milita-

ry family is always a matter of much comment. When the accession is to be that of an officer of more or less service in the field, his coming is looked forward to with great pleasure, for in almost, if not quite, every instance he will be known to some of the officers at the post. In some of the labyrinthine movements of the great army machine they have been thrown together at different posts, then separated by the official order and sent, unmurmuring, to meet the exigencies of the service at widely separated points. When it is announced at a post that Capt. and Mrs. Sinclair are to be stationed there, those who have never met the expected arrivals been with them at other posts, and the officer and his lady are received with as warm recognition by those who have never before seen them as by their friends of old.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN an ailigator is about to attack

FALSE REPRESENTATIONS. Republican Journals Distort Facts to In

jure the Administration. That the distinctively republican papers should endeavor to mislead the farmers is bad enough; but it is to be expected because it is their regular practice to mislead voters of every class. That agricultural newspapers, published ostensibly for the enlightennent of the farmers, should either intentionally or ignorantly mislead them is altogether wrong and inexcusable. It is certainly inexcusable if they do it intentionally; nobody will question that. It is equally so if they do it bounden duty to inform themselves as to the facts concerning which they assume to teach the agricultural commu-

This conclusion is drawn from an article in the Michigan Farmer, in which that journal undertakes to criticise the president's financial message. So far as the article is merely critical, we have no quarrel with it, though the partisan bias is clearly apparent. We shall not even quarrel with inferences, which, while they seem to be ill-founded, are to some extent matters of opinion. Such, for instance, is the Farmer's statement that "to demand the payment of duties on imports in gold would at once add to the value of that metal, and place it at a premium, and as a corollary depreciate the value of other currency." It does not seem to us possible that this could be the result, unless the act which declares it to be the policy of the government to maintain gold and silver at a parity in the currency should be repealed; but so long as it is in any degree a matter of opinion we cheerfully concede to the Farmer its right to its own opinion, ridiculous as it may ap- the same amount. pear to us. We accord the same respect to its opinion that "to retire the greenback, as redeemed, would cut when there is a run on the treasury for down the currency to such an extent gold, that metal will soon disappear as to embarrass business." The president's recommendation covers an in- government must either go into the crease in the national bank notes market and borrow gold or suspend which, with the releasing of the gold now held for the redemption of the greenbacks, would, in our judgment, yo very far to overbalance any contraction which the gradual redemption of the greenbacks as proposed could occasion. The contraction is, however, a theoretic possibility; and we are quite willing to concede that the Farmer believes what it says in that behalf.

There are two statements in the article however, which can only be explained on the score of dense ignorance or a willful intent to mislead the farmers. One of them is the statement that the greenbacks "are as sound as the government, and cost nothing, while the people will have to pay interest on the bonds." No one who read the president's message intelligently can be ignorant of the fact that the greenbacks, instead of costing the people nothing, gold reserve to redeem them. Speaking on this point in his message, the

president said: "Objection has been made to the issuance of nterest-bearing obligations for the purpose of retiring the non-interest bearing legal tender notes. In point of fact, however, these notes have burdened us with a large load of interest, and it is still accumulating. The ag-gregate interest on the original issue of bonds the proceeds of which in gold constituted the reserve for the payment of these notes, amounted to \$70,326,250 on January 1, 1895; and the annual charge for interest on these bonds and those issued for the same purpose during the last year, will be \$9,145,000, dating from

January 1, 1895 ' This is a sufficient answer to the Farmer's statement that the greenbacks "cost nothing;" but it does not tell the whole story. Figures carefully compiled by the New York Times show that the actual cost of the greenback to the country-in spite of its non-interest bearing character-was, from March 10, 1862, when it was first issued, to June 30, 1889, \$1,838,807,452. And, notwithstanding this enormous cost, \$346,000,000 of them are still outstanding to be redeemed and reissnedunless existing laws are changed-at

constantly increasing cost. The other misleading statement of the Farmer which we have in mind relates to the rate of interest on the bonds sold by President Cleveland's administration to maintain the reserve. It is in these words: "The \$100,000,000 in bonds already issued bear 5 per cent. interest. They are payable in twenty years, and will then have cost \$100,000,000 in interest." Now, while it is quite true that the bonds referred to are nominally 5 per cerk. bonds-congress having refused to authorize the issue of bonds at a lower rate of interest-it is a wellknown fact that they were sold at a price which makes the rate of interest the government has to pay only 3 per cent. The cost to the government, therefore, in the twenty years will be only \$60,000,000, instead of \$100,000,000, as the Farmer puts it. In other words, it is \$40,000,000 out of the way in its statement.-Detroit Free Press.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

-The republicans and populists have the senate now and they must take the consequences.-Chicago Her-

-Tom Reed's financial measure looks like another one of those "miserable makeshifts" for which the republican party is famous and infamous.-St. Louis Republic.

-There is no longer any question of receiving help from congress. The administration is the only factor left in the equation. Fortunately we are not tortured by any doubt as to what the president can and will do in such an emergency. He has again made it unmistakably clear that he intends to vindicate the national credit at all costs and by every means at his disposal.-Washington Post.

---Criticism of President Cleveland' latest financial message and of the policy which it outlines and represents is easy enough to those who are bound to find fault with everything the administration does, but the calm business mind does not discover how, in the absence of legislative action, the president could do otherwise than he has McKinley tariff, as they would fall done and is doing for the preservation now under increased duties. It is not of the nation's credit. - Washington forgotten, furthermore, that the treas-

lican jibonainosies who seek at every opportunity to serve their own party by the most extravagant fabrication, the most malignant misrepresentation and the most hysterical fanfaronade, by which they hope to submerge every fustian. - Louisville Courier-Journal trusts. - Kansas City Times.

HYPOCRITICAL REPUBLICANS. Puerile Arguments Against the President's

The republican leaders pretend to believe that the cause of the present treasury trouble lies in the deficiency of the revenues. Said Tom Reed in his speech on the finance bill the other day: "If the revenues equaled the expenditures, whenever a greenback was redeemed it would remain in the treasury. It was the fact of the necessity of its reissuance to meet current obli-

gations that caused the trouble." If Mr. Reed doesn't know better than that he is not clear headed enough to through ignorance, for it is their be president of the United States, or even president of a cross-roads grocery. Whenever a greenback dollar is redeemed in gold a gold dollar is gone out of the treasury. The greenback comes in, the gold goes out. The treasury has neither more nor less than it had before, except that in place of a solid gold dollar it now has only its own promise to pay a dollar. Since by Mr. Reed's supposition the receipts and expenditures are exactly equal the treasury must now pay out the greenback dollar to meet current obligations because it has already paid out the gold

If the greenback remains in the treasury the current obligations must treasury, and it must be paid in something besides a greenback. There is reserve may be exhausted, and then the greenbacks redeemed in gold coin must be paid out to meet current obligations, as above stated, precisely as though there had been no reserve. In the language of the street, the government must "shin it;" it can only pay an old debt by making a new one of

And if no gold comes into the treas ury, which is very likely to be the case. from the treasury entirely, and the payments.

President Cleveland doesn't propos to suspend if he can help it, nor does he propose to wait till the last dollar of gold is gone before borrowing. He has asked congress for authority to borrow on the most advantageous terms, and such partisans as Reed refuse to grant it. He asks such authority as will enable him to borrow at three per cent. or less. Their answer is: "No; you shall not have it. You must borrow on 'coin' bonds and pay three and a half per cent." And they offer as an excuse their assumption that the senate would not authorize a gold bond if the house should. They propose that the house shall offer a bad measure because they think the senate will not concur in a good one.

The case is a plain one. Mr. Reed and other republican leaders want to have cost them a great deal, and will embarrass the administration to the continue to do so as long as they are utmost, and yet they would like to midnight in a sleeping-car for the kept outstanding with the obligation make it appear that they are willing to upon the government of maintaining a relieve the treasury. Their inadequate proposals and puerile arguments make him. "Excuse me," said the stranger, their hypocrisy apparent to every man of fair intelligence. Now that they have exposed themselves the president will go on and protect the public credit to the best of his ability in spite of their attempts to increase the difficul- do you any good to know," was the reties with which he is beset.-Chicago

COTTON MILLS GOING SOUTH. Lame "Object Lesson" of High Tariff

Republicans. A republican journal can see nothing n the proposed removal of Massachusetts cotton mills to the south except 'an object lesson in protection" to the

southern people. The cotton factories will go south in bedience to natural laws. The change has been inevitable since the abolition of slavery, the advent of free labor at the south, the creation there of a commercial and industrial spirit and the building of adequate lines of transportation. The mills are being transplanted, as one of their managers says, because their staple is grown there and because labor and fuel are cheaper, taxes lower and the climatic conditions nore favorable.

The treasurer of one of the Lowell mills puts the matter clearly in these

sheetings and drills at a profit in the north Against two dollars per ton for coal in the south we must pay four to four and a half dollars. The climate down there is milder, and it does not require so much coal to heat the mills. The manufacturers there can buy their cotton off the market wagon. We must pay freight and brokerage, giving them an advantage of one cent per pound on the raw cotton, which by itself is a fair profit for a mill mak-ing coarse yarn goods. The labor, too, costs sixty per cent of what it does here, and down there the taxation is not quite one-half what

So far as the "object lesson in pro tection" is concerned, the transferrence of the mills to the south renders a high tariff more than ever necessary. We have the authority of Secretary Blaine and of our consular reports since his day for the statement that the labor cost in cottons is less in the New England mills than in Great Britain. The cost of fuel and of living expenses is greater in Massachusetts than in England. But now that this disadvantage is to be overcome by a removal to the south, and the mills can "buy their cotton from the market wagons," while their foreign competitors must pay for five thousand miles of transportation on the fibre, the American manufacturers no more need the forty-five per cent. protection which the present tariff gives them than the miners of Newcastle need protection for their

This is the "object lesson" of th negira of the mills.-N. Y. World.

-The contention of some of the nore organic republican journals that the prosperity of the country can be secured and the treasury replenished by the simple expedient of restoring McKinley duties lacks a basis of fact and experience. There were too many panies and long periods of hard times under the high tariffs to sustain the paradox of taxing a nation into prosperity. Besides, the national revenues fell off forty million dollars under the ury went rapidly from a l -We protest against the disgrace- surplus to an impending deficit under ful methods of the irresponsible republished law which the people twice condemned.-N. Y. World.

-Chairman Wilson's bill to repeat the one-tenth of one cent a pound differential duty on sugar imported from Germany will force the republicans into democratic man and democratic thing, the open and maybe a close scrutiny whether court, official, act or law, in will disclose the golden chain which one foul pool of partisan filth and binds the leaders of that party to the PITH AND POINT.

-Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists -Sterling.

-"Is George getting on well with his French?" "Yes, indeed. Why he can translate the most difficult parts

of 'Trilby.' "-Judge. -Figg-"Suffrage is the shield that protects the American people." Fogg
-"Yes; but a shield with too many

boasts."-Boston Transcript. -"How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved?" "It is a fact. Compared to her the others were mere girls."-Boston Budget.

-"So Rusher has got a job at last, eh? I wonder if it is that one with the sleeping-car company?" "I guess not. At least he told me he'd struck a comfortable berth?"-Buffalo Courier.

-Nervous Old Lady (to deck-hand on steamboat-"Mr. Steamboat Man, is there any fear of danger?" Deckhand (carelessly)-"Plenty of fear, ma'am, but no danger."-Demorest. -Mrs. Houser-"Have you any idea

what 'speaking 'terms' means, Mr.

Houser?" Houser-"Certainly, madam.

Anywhere from fifty dollars to two hundred dollars per night, according be paid out of a reserve held in the to the prominence of the lecturer."-Buffalo Courier. -An Easy Way Out of It.-Fatherno other way. But in case of a run the "He says that he loves you, but can he support you in the style that you have been accustomed to?" Daughter-

"Even better, father, dear, if you will furnish the money; that is all that discourages him."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. -"I hope you don't find the amount unreasonable," said the landlord. "Oh no," was the reply, the amount is very reasonable. What I want to know is

how many months do you give me pay it in? Of course, I want a reasonable time to pay a reasonable bill."-Texas Siftings. -Easily Remedied.-Hardy Upton-"Say, Mrs. Skinner, it's awful, these cold nights, to lie on this mattress with

only a sheet over one. Can't you arrange it differently?" Mrs. Skinner— "Certainly! Lie on the sheet and pull the mattress over you."-Portland Transcript. -Abraham, the wine merchant, called

at the advertising office of a leading paper and inquired if the big advertisement of Traubel, the liquor merchant, which that day figured in the columns of said paper, was going to appear again. "Oh, yes!" unthinkingly replied the clerk. "It has to be kept in for a month." "In that case," said Abraham, "will you please insert immediately below it the following announcement: "Abraham Isaac Jacob, wine and liquor merchant, supplies all the wines named in the above advertisement 10 per cent. cheaper."-

-Lord Aberdeen tells the following story of himself: He left London at north. In the morning when he was awakened he saw a stranger opposite "may I ask if you are rich?" Somewhat surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well-to-do. "May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?" "Well, if it will ply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds." "Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loudly as you I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

DEER ARE FOND OF TOBACCO. The Only Bit of Information Prof. Gil-

Prof. J. H. Gilmore says: "It was my privilege to meet Hawthorne at the White mountains. He was there with Pierce and Loring and Spofford, and I saw considerable of him. I shall never forget the whimsical appearance of the man as Pierce was trying to get him to go into the parlor of the hotel. He

was quite averse to it. "There were clever people there from all over the United States who had heard of him, and were proud of him, but he did not want to mingle with them at all. Pierce insisted upon it, and he complied, and after five minutes he made his escape, and I found him out on the veranda smoking a cigar. He did not want to make friends, apparently, but he made an exception in my favor.

I had been spending several summers there, and I knew the woodcraft very thoroughly, and he found out that he could get from me the information he wanted. "He would ask me a question and my

reply would be followed by another question: 'Why?' For instance, he asked me, 'Which way would you fish a trout stream?' I said: 'Down stream.' Then he asked me why. I was compeled to answer that a trout when wounded runs up the stream, and that if I were fishing down the stream he would disturb the trout below. On one occasion I referred to the fact that the grain of the wood of a certain tree was twisted. At first he questioned the fact and asked: 'What makes you think so?' I said to him: 'If you will go with me to the woodpile I will show that it is so.' I thus satisfied him of the fact, but, as to the reason for it, I could only give a theory that it was caused by the winds. I think that while he was there he found out all I knew, and I found out very little from him. There was one thing that he knew that I did find out.

"One day we were looking at a pet fawn. He said: 'Do you know that every animal of the deer kind is naturally fond of tobacco?' I was taken all aback, because I had been taught that only man and a certain loathsome green worm, the vilest thing the Creator made, would touch tobacco. To illustrate the matter to me he put his hand into his pocket, for he not only smoked, but chewed, took out a piece of tobacco, and handed it to the fawn, and she ate it as though she liked it. and while I was waiting to see her fall down dead she was nosing around Hawthorne's pocket for some more to-

bacco."-Chicago Times. A Trific Embarrassing. Acquaintance-Mr. Bullion, let me introduce my friend Jones. I've just

Mr. Bullion (slightly deaf)-Glad to know you, Maj. Pyle.-Chicago Trib-

Trade Revival.

"Well, old man, how is business?" "Booming," said the manufacturer of sporting goods. "I have just received an order for four million pairs of sprinting shoes for the Chinese army." -Indianapolis Journal.